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The Critic

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LONDON
FOR SALE BY
B. F. STEVENS
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Tragedy

THREE primal instincts rule this hurrying world—
Self-preservation, Sex and Love of gain;
These sink it to the depths of Hades hurled,
Or lift it to the heights of God-like pain;

Thence issue Love, Self-abnegation, Hope,
Diviner sisters, gladdening earth's old glooms;
From out these all, like some vast mountain slope,
Or Night from Ocean, Tragedy up looms.

W. W. C.

A Book and Its Story

MR. HAWEIS'S SCRAP-BOOK

EACH AGE SHOULD have its own gossip, who in a discreet and catholic manner should be a variety of the Leo Hunter type. About noted people he should have the curiosity which would urge him to seek them; the kindness that would prevent them from resenting him; and, in addition to these qualities, the charm that would induce them to talk in his presence. He should also possess that artless industry that inclines such persons to keep close and regular diaries. It is difficult to imagine what the Restoration would be to us without its Pepys, or the Johnsonian age without its Boswell. We should still have the records of political changes and social customs, but the people with whose manners, appearance and clothes we are now familiar would be little more than articulated skeletons giving hint of neither laughter nor anger. Fancy, for instance, knowing that Goldsmith wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village," and yet never having heard of his plum-colored coat!—and is there any detailed description of William Penn equal to that of Pepys: "At night comes Mrs. Turner to see us; and then, among other talk, she tells me that Mr. William Penn, who is lately come over from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing!"

Our own age has not been quite so fortunate in its gossips, possibly because the reporter has usurped some of the gossip's privileges, adding to them the large liberty of the newspaper; but Henry Crabbe Robinson marshalled a long procession of English people, and Frances Power Cobbe took the baton when he dropped it, and in addition to the old soldier gave us a view of others as interesting and important. But after Miss Cobbe came a brief silence broken only by the sharp cry of the reporter and the twittering of that inoffensive prattler who writes of the houses where famous people have lived and the rivers they have described; and at one time it seemed as if the nineteenth century were doomed to die as destitute of a true historiographer as of a laureate.

But "Marmion to the rescue!" is not always an idle cry, nor does it necessarily imply that the warrior called is the "last of his race," and that "on battle-plain that shout shall ne'er be heard again." Eighteen hundred and ninety-six has done its duty, and the gossips have rushed forward as Sorrow is reported to do—not as single spies, but in battalions. Time would fail to name all the books of reminiscence and friendly gossip which have recently been published; but foremost in the field gently ambles the Rev. H. R. Haweis, mounted not on one, but two, handsome volumes, with uncut pages and all the charm of uncalendered paper and good robust type. ("Travel and Talk, 1885-93-95," by the Rev. Hugh Reginald Haweis: Dodd, Mead & Co.) The key-

note of the book is struck in the first sentence, where in brave capitals Mr. Haweis asks, "WHO AM I?" To this question 670 pages give reply. What he looks like is revealed by two very good pictures. In one, arrayed in ministerial gown, Mr. Haweis sits placidly in an armchair, resting his arms on what seem to be a pair of gargoyles; in the other, seated at a most ornate table, in a decorative chair, armed with a gigantic pen, he is busy at work. The large book before him may be a Bible or a dictionary, or, indeed, his scrap-book, but there he is—the man-of-letters, the author of "Music and Morals," as in the other portrait he is the famous clergyman who traveled 100,000 miles and everywhere found his London parish represented.

His travels began with a voyage to this country in 1885, when he delivered the Lowell Lectures in Boston. From Boston he went to New York, then to Washington; to Ogontz; to Cornell, to Camden, to Canada and finally to Chicago, Utah, San Francisco, Honolulu, Fiji, Sydney, New Zealand, stopping *en route* in many places, all noted in the twenty-seven pages of index. That Mr. Haweis was appreciated everywhere is made apparent. In Boston he hobnobbed with Dr. Holmes and lectured before what he was told was "the crème de la crème of Boston." When he preached, Phillips Brooks and Canon Farrar conducted the service; Miss Peabody (who should have known) compared him to Hawthorne, and Mr. Putnam told him that there had been no such success since Agassiz. In New York, Andrew Carnegie gave him a canvasback-duck supper one Sunday night after he had been to church in the morning, preached in the afternoon, and with "Palmer, the agnostic," and the daughter of Robert Ingersoll, had in the evening gone to hear Beecher. When he was in Washington, the city was in a political ferment, but the moment the President received his card he granted Mr. Haweis a private interview and talked to him of walking and of English politics. At Ogontz the girls presented him with a large basket of orchids, lilies and all possible flowers. This was bulky and he could not take it away, so he left it on the hall-table, and there it stayed until the flowers "withered and smelled abominably," because there was an outcry when it was proposed to remove them. In Canada the papers "swarmed" with news of him, and as he gives extracts it must be so. His visit to Chicago was made in 1893, and his interest seems to have been divided between the consideration of the White Star line of steamers and the Parliament of Religions. He preached everywhere to crowds, and other ministers wrote to ask him how he got such magnificent collections. They wanted his formula. He lectured to crowds and gives page after page of the lectures. The reader feels as if he were part of a triumphal procession, and if with the author he comes to some arid and unappreciative town, his feelings are hurt. For there is about this reverend gentleman such a sense of well-deserved popularity, such a good-humored appreciation of his own place in the universal scheme, that we no more resent his self-assertion than we discount his report of his successes. It is true that the whole book is a strongly saturated solution of Haweis, but the only question is—do you like Haweis? If you do, it is all right, and it is only fair to add that most people do like him.

The two volumes are a curious exhibit of book-making, and hardly belong to a period which is distinguished by the principle of selection. Mr. Haweis gives full accounts of places he visited, and talks of people he met. If he inci-

dently mentions a man, he stops to hunt out a letter he once received from him. It makes no difference what the letter is about, or when it was written; the name ties it to the text. He prints his sermons and lectures. In New York he met Conkling, whom he did not like. He thought him too conceited and self-centred. He prints his lecture before the Parliament of Religions verbatim, but when he reaches Utah he halts, and gives to the Mormons over fifty pages of history, written with unexpected and unusual sympathy. Not that Mr. Haweis believes in Mormon doctrines or practises, but one gets a sense of a tolerance that would have left "well-enough" alone, and the well-enough is from the standpoint of the Saints. The longest digression from "Travel" and of devotion to "Talk" is in the second volume, where he devotes 140 pages to a history of the missions in the South Seas. This connection is made by his visit to Tahiti and the Fijis; the interest by his grandfather's association with the early missionary work. One of the Fiji Islands is named "Haweis" after this grandfather, whose epitaph is given in full. It would bear quotation, but we refrain.

There are few subjects untouched in this book, few of Mr. Haweis's acquaintances unmentioned. There is no system or order in the arrangement, and whatever is uppermost in the Haweis heart, the Haweis pen writes down. The scrap-book flavor about the make-up is accented, but there is little that is not interesting. One of the most diverting chapters is devoted to an account of Mr. Haweis as his own lecture-agent. This experience was in Australia, and opens with a fine send-off and compliment for his first agent. Mr. Smythe's methods seem to have impressed him as very good—so good, indeed, that Mr. Haweis, with that fine worldly wisdom which he evidently possesses, watched him carefully and learned all his ways. Then, when the time arrived for the closing of their contract, the lecturer himself became the agent. He forwarded the photographs, wrote to the hall- and theatre-managers, sent advertisements, printed circulars and programs, put up placards, and heartily enjoyed the bustle and business. His theory for forcing success differed from that held by the first manager. Mr. Smythe was in favor of single nights, except in large towns; Mr. Haweis believes in cumulative power; the only way to work a small place, he asserts, is to run three or even four nights, as the thin audiences which on the first two nights barely cover expenses may be followed by others that give the profit. It is not everyone who can count upon an interest increasing with the number of his lectures, and many a speaker had best be content with one; but Mr. Haweis's personality must have counted for a good deal, and one can easily fancy him bustling about the town, going from the clergyman to the mayor, appearing at five o'clock teas, and making a great figure at the little dinners given him. In two or three days the "English lecturer" would be a social lion, and it would be "the thing" to hear him lecture. He was careful enough to secure assistance in working up the interest. Sometimes it was the hall-manager, or a local music-seller or stationer, or a Cook's tourist agent, or a banker, but the quality he always sought in his coadjutor was enthusiasm, and this proves what a sensible man is Mr. Haweis.

Another point he insists upon, is the necessity of doing your best for the small audiences. To "scamp the work," as Mr. Haweis puts it, is never generous nor just, and sometimes it has evil business results, as it is possible that the man who has taken the trouble to come, has an engagement in his pocket if you please him. Mr. Haweis's lectures were from two hours to two hours and a half long. He says his agent "pointed out to him the great use of an interval"; one would substitute "importance" for "use" and know the audience must have welcomed "the interval." He could,

he says, always judge of the way things were going by the roar of excited conversation that broke out the instant he left the stage. Now, there are two ways of explaining this outburst, but when a lecturer can, as the manager of a theatre told our hero, draw a big house "and keep 'em close for nigh three hours with a one-man show and a tumbler of water," he has a right to explain as he pleases. Arthur Helps says the secret of organization is attention to trifles. Mr. Haweis expresses the same thing when he asserts that success depends on the niceties which cannot be explained. He adds that he almost entirely abandoned slides and pictures, but he always had footlights when he could get them, and here again Mr. Haweis shows his business instinct and worldly wisdom.

L. S.

Literature

American Colonial Literature

A History of American Literature during the Colonial Times, 1607 to 1765. By Moses Coit Tyler. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN THIS new and thoroughly revised edition of a standard work, we have one of several proofs that Prof. Tyler is not a mere man of routine and precedents, nor simply a compiler, nor even a critic only. He has created his own subject and treated it in his own way, and has profited by criticisms from many quarters, both public and private. He is not led away from reality by his subject, for he does not exaggerate either the importance or the quality of what seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Englishmen wrote in the new world, though he does not slight either. His idea has been rather to be a true historian and a sound critic, collecting and arranging the material and showing—so far as books and writings can show—what was the mind of the makers of America. He enters promptly upon his subject after a short introduction. Capt. John Smith was the first American writer, and Virginia furnishes the first "school" of men who cultivated literary expression. In making transitions to New England, the author shows that there was a literary class from the very first. The circumstances were favorable to literary action. William Bradford, the father of American history, receives, of course, much attention. Prof. Tyler realizes that the Pilgrims and Puritans have been transfigured by their descendants, and that in reality a great many of them were phlegmatical and disputatious persons. Even the Pilgrims, as shown in their own literature, were not "gentle, dreamy and euphemistical saints with a peculiar aptitude for martyrdom and an inordinate development of affability"; but the author knows that "the world is indebted for much of its progress to uncomfortable and even grumpy people." He notes the supremacy of the clergy in early New England, but—so different from our friend Mr. Brooks Adams—has a tremendously good opinion of them. On the other hand, he finds something worth seeing or listening to, even in the literary scalawags and black sheep of the period.

His picture of Roger Williams the radical is delightful. He makes him out the most interesting person in New England literary history, though he also contrives to assure us that every man in the whole lot was, in some way or another, quite agreeable. This is not to say that he does not poke plenty of fun at the poetasters and at the literary strivings of obscure prose-writers. The Mathers he groups together as a "dynasty," and then turns to the topics of popular discussion—the witchcraft spasm, the diaries, the writings of that muscular Christian, John Wise, and finds suggestive themes in fugitive letters and almanacs. History and biography, the pulpit in literature, are treated thoroughly while he lingers in the peculiar nation of New England; but when he comes to New York, he shows his decided limitations by ignoring the writings of the Dutchmen, and dealing only with what Englishmen wrote. New York and New Jersey get a chapter of twenty pages, Pennsylvania one of forty, and all the rest of the colonies have their harvest bound in a single sheaf. The work concludes with a general sum-

mary of literary forces in colonial times. It is safe to say that no one can understand our colonial history and what grew out of it without making the acquaintance of these volumes.

"Stained Glass as an Art"

By Henry Holiday. The Macmillan Co.

THE ART of making picture windows has been so completely transformed in recent times that a good up-to-date book on the subject has long been desired. In many respects the present work fills the requirement. Mr. Holiday is a practical designer, a capable writer, and has the history of the art at his fingers' ends. But in one most important regard his work must be said to be disappointing. It takes into account hardly any but modern English practise; and the short note on American stained-glass is rendered valueless by a curious mistake into which the writer has fallen, owing, it seems, to a defective memory. Writing of the work of Mr. John La Farge, he says that it has been that artist's aim to do away altogether with painting upon the glass; and a little farther on he mentions as his principal objection to the American material that, as "the faces, hands and feet * * * had to be painted," there was "a striking incongruity between the flesh and all the rest, this being the only painted part in the window." Such incongruity is very noticeable in many American examples, but it is not always due to the reason given; and in Mr. La Farge's case could not, for he has always used painting liberally in all parts of the window. The matter is of importance, because it is this American glass, which, from the variety and the depth of its tones, may be said to be a new material that is revolutionizing the art, not merely in this country, but in Europe. And this leads us to say that some account of recent French work might be expected in a book like the present; but we cannot find anything on the subject.

Modern stained glass, in England, is in a sense a product of the mediæval craze of half a century ago. The aim was to make something like thirteenth-century glass; and, after much blundering and botching, a style has been developed which is only remotely affiliated to the antique. Its best expression may be seen in the works of Sir E. Burne-Jones, of some of which Mr. Holiday gives illustrations. In these the leading motive is form; they lack the magnificent color of the best American examples, and one feels that the glass is treated as a surface to paint on, and not as a medium to paint with. But, in capable hands, very beautiful effects are obtained; and it must be said that the most atrocious effects result from the use of American glass by incapable designers. These are, everywhere, the most numerous; and Mr. Holiday points out one of the causes in the prevalence of the commercial spirit, which permits hardly any art to be exercised as an art, for pay and not for profit. But another, quite as important, is the dominant influence of painting. Formerly, workmen in any art borrowed mostly from one another, and so there was constant progress within the limits of the art. Now, such borrowing is forbidden or condemned, paintings are drawn upon instead, and there is a constant, unsuccessful effort to imitate in other arts the effects peculiar to painting.

The technique of the art according to modern English practise occupies a large share of Mr. Holiday's book; and the account of its artistic capabilities which follows is based on that practise. But there is really no reason why the materials and the methods of both countries should not be used together. This is, in fact, very often done in this country in windows of a purely conventional design; and in France, where a material essentially like the English is principally used, American glass has recently been introduced in combination with it, with very good effect. Naturally, success in any way depends upon the artist. It is to be regretted that many of Mr. Holiday's illustrations are on a scale so small that the details are almost indistinguishable.

"Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime"

By William P. Trent. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE MEN WHOM Prof. Trent has selected as the best exponents of the old South—that period beginning with the outbreak of the Revolutionary movement and ending with the foundation of the Confederacy—are Washington, Jefferson, John Randolph of Roanoke, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs and Jefferson Davis. We think it a serious mistake on the part of the author to suppose that lectures prepared for academic audiences in Madison, Wis., and Sewanee, Tenn., would be equally acceptable, without change of form, to the public interested in historical subjects. What may be said with effect if spoken in an engaging manner, often looks very trivial or bombastic when read in the quiet of the easy-chair. A much better and more lasting impression might have been made if Prof. Trent had carefully recast his papers and appeared before the reading public as a historical essayist. He has very frankly stated why he did not do this:—"A set essay, to have justified its pretensions, would, in the case of each statesman treated, have involved fresh study and greater library facilities than I can at present command." For his own sake, chiefly, we regret that he shook this fruit from the tree so soon. This regret deepens as we advance from page to page and are impressed by the author's sincerity, liberality and attractive ideas. His point of view is that of a native Southerner with many prepossessions for the men and ideas of his section, but his mind is so clear that his observations, whether new or not, are absolutely his own, and are those of a thorough independent. Down to almost the present year, the common remark of Southerners has been, "Only men who were born and educated among us can rightly understand and truly describe slavery, state rights and our civilization." Until recently it seemed to be about equally certain that no Northerner had done so, and that no Southerner would. Judging from passages here and there, we feel sure that, if Prof. Trent should ever undertake the task elaborately, it would be a great success. Even in what he has written in the present volume he has done much to destroy old prejudices and to encourage the development of genuine freedom of thought on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line.

Very few men in his section who can even remember the days when Jefferson Davis was at the head of the Confederacy, will be able to read any except the lectures on Washington and Jefferson, without wincing several times. John Randolph's career is described in a free and easy style, such as a Frenchman who had lived in the South might employ. Prof. Trent rejects every one of the leading Southern ideas from the time of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions at the end of the last century down to the fall of the great experiment in Richmond in 1865. It is practically certain that, until he reached manhood and began life as a student of history should, he accepted all of them. His present conclusions are expressed so fearlessly, yet with such manly balance, that he is sure to command a large following among his own students and fellow-Southerners—however severely he may be berated by those who assume that old leaders and almost forgotten delusions are too sacred to be spoken of except with stolid reverence. Although the book is less important to Northerners, it will surely be found interesting by all who have a taste for biography and historical criticism.

We should feel compelled to criticise the style and slipshod expressions in a score of places, if the volume were not introduced with an apology and did not possess many valuable qualities. One point at least must be noticed here, although very briefly. It is the most common weakness of historians, and especially of biographers, not to know when it is important to take into account whether a particular public man acted conscientiously, and really believed that he was right and governed by patriotic motives. Where for any reason the question to be decided relates to his

moral nature, his motives are to be weighed, but they have next to nothing to do with the problem when it involves statesmanship, or military or financial skill, solely. Lee or Grant would rank just as high as warriors if we could prove to-day that each sympathized with the section against which he led his soldiers, but he would be less noble and admirable as a man. This may sound paradoxical, for the moral quality rightly has much to do with the popular conception of great men. Our admirable author has, somewhat carelessly, we suppose, given too much weight to the fact that some of the Southern leaders believed in the doctrines which they propagated. The sincere men are the ones who, when wrong, have the greatest influence for evil, and therefore deserve the greatest reprobation when the moral side of their characters is not under discussion.

Dante Literature

1. *Fifteenth Annual Report of the Dante Society.* (Cambridge, Mass. Ginn & Co. 2. *Dante in America: A Historical and Bibliographical Study.* By Theodore W. Koch. Ginn & Co. 3. *The Treatment of Nature in Dante's "Divina Commedia."* By L. Oscar Kuhns. Edward Arnold. 4. *The Spiritual Sense of Dante's "Divina Commedia."* By W. T. Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 5. *Selections from the First Nine Books of the Chronicle Florentine of Giovanni Villani.* London: A. Constable.

THE FIFTEENTH Annual Report of the Dante Society (1) contains little that calls for mention, except the fact that the prize for a translation of Dante's letters, with comment thereon, was awarded too late to reach its winner, Mr. C. S. Latham, who died on 21 July 1890. At the desire of his mother, this prize of \$100 is again offered by the Society for the best essay upon the topics furnished by it. The competition is open, not only to Harvard students and graduates of not more than three years' standing, but to students of similar standing of any college or university in the United States. The work of the Dante Society in advancing the study of the works of the great Italian is proving efficacious, and should be encouraged by lovers of the poet. A practical way of helping it is to join it, which any person can do by sending his or her name, together with five dollars, to the Secretary of the Society, Mr. Arthur R. Marsh, Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Koch's paper (2), which takes up most of the Annual Report, is reprinted separately for the Dante Society. After giving accounts of the chief American Dante scholars—to wit, Lorenzo Da Ponte, George Ticknor, Richard Henry Wilde, H. W. Longfellow, T. W. Parsons, J. R. Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton,—the author gives a bibliography of American poems and essays upon Dante and of critical reviews of his works and of translations thereof. To many the accounts of Da Ponte and Wilde will give new information; the articles upon Parsons, Lowell and Norton will seem all too brief. In the bibliography lies the strength of Mr. Koch's work. It will probably be found that he has omitted nothing of consequence. The index does not contain the name of C. S. Latham, but his book is recorded in its proper year. About 1873 the Rev. Mr. Nute, a Universalist minister, published in *The Voice*, a daily newspaper of Cleveland, Ohio, a version of the "Inferno," or of a part of it, in unrhymed triplets, each canto concentrating in a quatrain. A part only of this version is in the possession of the writer of this review. The translation is in the metre of the "Divina Commedia." In places it shows a surprising vigor and intensity of feeling. Note of it might be made in Mr. Koch's bibliography.

Dante's idea of Nature, Prof. Kuhns tells us (3), was not the modern concept. Under the spell of Aristotle and of the scholastics, he held Nature to be not so much an environment as a force, almost a personal being, an under-Creator, a demiurge. While he observed the world about him, he saw it through the colored glasses of Virgil, Ovid and the other poets of Rome. Mountains were not then admired, nor ruined

castles. The idea of the picturesque in landscape was other than ours. Valleys—especially mountain valleys—were abhorrent. The sea was loved by the men of Dante's time, and the plain was their admiration. Rivers, also, play an appreciated part in the "Divina Commedia." Birds and beasts are introduced, but selected chiefly for their symbolical significance. Even flowers are introduced to speak a language. In this position Prof. Kuhns is correct, and he does not carry it to the extreme of denying that Dante had a sense of the beautiful apart from the conventional use that he made of Nature and natural beauties. Everyone knows the extraordinary influence of the stars upon Dante's mind. Again and again this comes out in his lines. In a sense it is a keynote. The great Florentine was keenly sensitive to these phenomena, effects of light and shade—especially atmospheric conditions, and of subtle differences in sound and in odor. It is in these fundamental sensations, rather than in less abstract forms, such as poets mostly use, that Dante's sense of the delightfulness of the world is made known to us. At the same time, references to habits of bees, wolves, dogs, wasps, falcons, eagles, storks, etc., show his keen personal observation. The horse he mentions but four times; the dog receives no compliments.

While Dante admired wide prospect, it is not probable that he felt the ordinary modern pleasure in viewing landscape. Nothing could be more foreign to his feeling toward Nature than Wordsworth's or Sidney Lanier's. The difference can be measured by the distance between the landscape of Cimabue and that of Mr. Thomas Moran. There is ground to suppose that, as the centuries have enhanced our average perception of fine shades of color and minute difference in sound, we have associated therewith certain ethical ideas. There has been put into Nature a moral quality, which will long remain there. Prof. Kuhns's and Dr. Harris's (4) books curiously and interestingly represent the two extremely opposite ways of approaching the divine song of mediæval life.

Prof. Kuhns's method is inductive; that of Dr. Harris is transcendental, intuitive and deductive. The two works do not interfere with one another. Each has its value and its truth. It must be always remembered that Dante himself was manysided, and that his mystical poem has more than one signification. There is a spiritual sense of the "Divina Commedia," as there is a political one, and a natural one. Dr. Harris's book is an enlarged edition of a work which he published first in 1889. The author is a mystic (as was Dante) and an ardent Hegelian (as Dante might have been, had he not been born some six centuries too early). His exposition is, however, a genuine help to the Dantean reader and might well be regarded as a useful complement to Miss Rossetti's "Shadow of Dante." He comprehends the larger strands of Dante's threefold, or ninefold, cord. The addition which is peculiar to this edition is a summary explaining the Dantesque theory of sin. That theory was and is the received scholastic theory—that sin arises from love, excessive, defective or distorted. The late Orby Shipley made it quite clear for English readers in a little book now scarce; but the whole scheme may be inspected in the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Obviously the reader of the "Divina Commedia" needs to understand this theory in order to discern the sense of the Inferno and the Purgatorio. Near the beginning of the book Dr. Harris remarks:—"A doctrine of the ultimate annihilation of the wicked is a survival of heathenism—a doctrine compatible only with the doctrine of a formless God." It is open to anyone to assert that Dr. Harris's theory of an endless hell—which theory implies dualism of the most objectionable, because most completely atheistic sort, in its logical conclusion—is also a survival from heathenism. By the way, it is curious to discern in Dante's whole theory of the progress of the human soul certain foreglimpses of modern ethical doctrines which have been shaped by

the theory of evolution. In his general purview of human destiny, he was an evolutionist before Darwin, before Lamarck. It would seem that Dr. Harris in adopting the scholastic doctrine of sin does not think it to be reconcilable with the Augustinian theory that evil is only privative. In reality Dante's doctrine implies an acceptance of the Augustinian view. That view is the only one possible if we are to avoid dualism. Robert Browning reasons it out that way, especially in "Abt Vogler." Particularly worth reading are Dr. Harris's sections on the myths of the Inferno, the myths of the Purgatorio and the myths of the Paradiso.

Miss Selfe translates in a graceful way (5); she does not merely upset into English portions of old Villani. The selection is as good as can be. Along the way references to Dante's works are set down, and two indexes help the student to find the places in Villani—that is, in this book. Mr. Wicksteed, to whom all of us bow when he discourses of Dante, has obligingly written a little introduction to the volume, in which he frankly confesses the rule by which he made the selections for Miss Selfe to translate. As is plainly enough to be seen, this book is a welcome addition to anyone's Dante library. Meanwhile it could be hoped that the Dante Society, under the leadership of Prof. Norton, who is beyond question in certain directions the foremost scholar of Dante of our times, might continue to gather material for a better text of Dante than we now have, and for a psychological portraiture of him who saw Hell and Purgatory and Heaven, and wrote the epic of the human soul.

CHARLES JAMES WOOD.

"A Rose of Yesterday"

By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co.

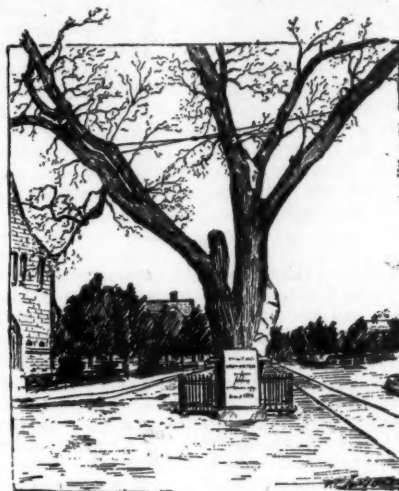
"A ROSE OF YESTERDAY" is not in Mr. Crawford's best vein. Indeed, we should never suspect that it was his at all, but for the name on the title-page. No matter how much he has written heretofore, he has always been fresh and entertaining, but in this story he is neither: he is downright unpleasant from the first page to the last. The story opens with a declaration of love from a girl in her teens to her guardian in his fifties. Then we are introduced to the Rose, Mrs. Helen Harmon, and her idiotic son. Col. Wimpole, the aforementioned guardian, is in love with Mrs. Harmon, and has been so for twenty years, but he has never told his love, being a man of honor, and respecting the woman that he loves. He meets her suddenly in Lucerne, and in the course of an intimate conversation suggests that she apply for a divorce from her insane husband. This she stoutly declines to do, though she does not love the insane man, nor he her, apparently, for he has led her a dog's life, ending by cutting her head open with a decanter. She also learns from her son, who is twenty years old and plays with toys, that his father used to strike him brutal blows on the head. The boy kept tally of these blows, and by the time they numbered sixty-three he was a big, strong fellow and paid them back, one by one, till the score was wiped out. This the boy had just told his mother, and she knew now why he played with toys. At this moment she receives a letter from the physician of the asylum where her husband is confined, saying that he is cured, and the same mail brings one from the husband himself, begging her to forgive all and return to him. This she decides it is her duty to do, notwithstanding the cruel treatment she herself has received, and the worse than cruel treatment of her son. The reader, no matter what his ideas of duty, loses patience with Mrs. Harmon, but fate is kinder to her than she is to herself, for, before she can go to her husband, he dies. Mr. Crawford has not shown his usual cleverness in letting Death thus come to his rescue. It is too commonplace an ending for such an ingenious weaver of plots to resort to.

Mr. Crawford does not seem to take much interest in the working out of this story himself, for he stops short in its

telling on every possible occasion and discusses other matters to the extent of several pages at a time, returning to the subject in hand with evident regret. We will not say that this story is entirely without interest, but we will say that Mr. Crawford was never less interesting than in this gruesome tale.

An Informing Companion

"WALKS and Rides in the Country Round About Boston," prepared by Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, at the suggestion of the Appalachian Mountain Club (a Boston society which "begins at home,"



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WASHINGTON ELM

in this instance, after doing much excellent work in the White Mountains of New Hampshire and even farther afield), is a model book of its kind. It describes forty-eight walks or drives from the "Hub" as a centre, and does it thoroughly. The author has personally traversed every foot of every walk, notebook in hand, and no bit of fine scenery, no historic spot, landmark or monument, seems to have eluded his observation. In its practical hints concerning modes of conveyance, fares, etc., the book is like a Baedeker, and its arrangement and typography also suggest that admirable series of itineraries; from which it differs, however, in its introduction of many little cuts of buildings, landscapes,



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ELMWOOD, THE HOME OF LOWELL

etc., the majority of which are good in their way, though some are poor—like the Quadrangle at Harvard, the Newton Central Boulevard, in which disfiguring trolley-poles are the main feature, etc. Four folding maps of fair execution are included, and the index is exhaustive. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Fiction

A VERY amusing, preposterous, comic-operatic sort of story is "The Broken Ring," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. In the course of a merry war between Königsreich and Herzogthum, Captain Delorme of the first-named land captures Princess Lenore of the latter, and is permitted by his obliging commander-in-chief to be her jailer in an old mill in the mountains. But the mill is besieged, and its occupants are driven off to a still more out-of-the-way cave, where the love-making that had begun passes from the mutually scornful stage to the familiar. Peace is declared, all too soon for the lovers; and a delightfully complicated intrigue, with state secrets, politics and stolen interviews for ingredients, follows, ending, of course, with a wedding. It is light, bright and interesting from the first page to the last. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—A THRILLING tale of the Terror, not without a philosophical purpose, which, however, is not thrust upon the reader's attention, is Mr. Harold Spender's "At the Sign of the Guillotine." A young radical deputy, Louvier, tries to aid his royalist friends to escape, and becomes a rival in love of the terrible Robespierre, who has him arrested. The course of circumstances brings about his revenge, and he aids in procuring the dictator's downfall. The love-story is cleverly interwoven with the historical events described, and the book as a whole gives an impressive picture of the great revolution. (Merriam Co.)

A SCORE of short tales of a crudely sensational sort, as may be guessed from the trophy of a death's head, daggers and revolvers on the cover, and from the illustrations in half-tone by several capable hands, are the contents of Mr. Robert Barr's "Revenge." A thirst for blood that cannot be satisfied by the daily papers may here be slaked; for each story contains one or several murders. No two of these are alike, which argues the author possessed of, at least, a fertile invention. In fact, some of the plots, suggested rather than fully revealed, are decidedly ingenious, and each might have easily been spun out into a volume. We perhaps owe Mr. Barr more on this account than we are quite aware of; for, as he has confined the slaughter within one cover, we are done with it in much less time than it takes to fight a battle, while he might have made it last as long as a modern war. One of the best of the stories is of an anarchist dynamite outrage in Paris; and another relates how "An Electrical Slip" sent a murderer to his doom, and confirmed in power a weak-kneed western governor. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)—"A LOYAL LITTLE MAID," by Edith Robinson, is a very simple little story, not much removed from history, in which Bessie Schuyler and Alexander Hamilton quarrel and make friends, and Mary Phillipse and George Washington come to an understanding; and there are secret passages and a mysterious clock case, and tame wrens, cherry pies and chintz dresses, scarlet coats and Virginia riflemen, and a great many other things of a Revolutionary flavor. The story has one fault: the gentlemen are remarkably prosy in their conversations. But it is illustrated with extremely pretty drawings by Amy M. Sacker, and has a captivating eighteenth century cover in green, white and red. (Joseph Knight Co.)

A ROMANCE of old New York, "Beyond the City Gates," by Augusta Campbell Watson, is remarkable only for its naive vagueness of topography and for its lack of the stamp of the time in the life, customs and manners of its characters. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—"CASTLE MEADOW: A Story of Norwich a Hundred Years Ago," by Emma Marshall, deals with the childhood and boyhood of "Old" Crome, the painter, and of William Crotch, the composer. The tale is pleasantly told, with due respect for facts, and is intended for the young. (Macmillan Co.)—THE THIRD volume in the Camp and Tramp Series, by Willis Boyd Allen, is called "The Great Island," and tells the adventures of the heroes of the former volume during a trip through New Guinea. The tale is full of movement. (Lothrop Pub. Co.)—MARIA EDGEWORTH'S "Belinda" has been added to the Peacock Edition of illustrated standard novels, the illustrations in this instance being by Chris Hammond. The edition is by this time sufficiently well-known; the story itself needs certainly no comment. The introduction by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie intimates as much. (Macmillan Co.)

IF THE WORLD were in reality tired of decadent novels, no more would be published. Men in the main, at least normal men, are weary of these morbid, psychical monstrosities. It sometimes

looks as though the world were weary of being bad, and found relief in high ideals and noble characters. Perhaps the preachers are just beginning to have some effect upon men of the world. Admiration for what is of good report is the first step towards reform. It was some years ago that the author of the "Dame aux Camélias" hailed with enthusiasm the appearance of a virtuous French novel, and in accepting the dedication thereof to himself said that it was time that immodest stories were no longer written, that we had become weary of a fiction based solely upon offences against the Seventh Commandment. That is quite true; yet English novelists—mostly women, we regret to say—continue to put forth indecent and prurient stories. In the face of all this it is heartening to come upon a book like Adeline Sergeant's "Margery Moore." It is not psychological, nor symbolic, nor impressionistic, nor anything else that is new and sick in style. Its literary form is excellent, it has a limpid diction that does not distract the attention from the plot—for such is the abomination of all "style." The story is wholesome and uplifting; it does not preach in words but in life. Those who in despair have resolved that they will never again risk reading a novel of the day, may safely try this. (A. E. Cluett & Co.)

AS A SPECIMEN of rainy-day realism unrelieved by a dash of color or a flash of sunshine, "The Mistress of Brae Farm," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, will serve as a warning to young authors. While all the characters in the book (save a deceased husband whose oblique career casts a becoming gloom over his widow) are quite irreproachable, they are at the same time uncommonly common. Nor do they once depart from the paths of consistent mediocrity by saying anything bright or doing anything bad in all their walk and conversation. The story is furnished with two heroines in the persons of Miss Lee, a spinster, and Mrs. Herbert, a widow, who carries all before her, including Col. Trevor, who held a mortgage on Miss Lee's affections. The latter, with pious self-renunciation, resigns her claim to the Colonel, when she discovers that his affections have drifted from their moorings toward the widow. But the widow, also, blossoms forth with the fragrance of self-effacement and prepares to move on—when she discovers that her pulse is not steady in the Colonel's presence. But so much renunciation is, of course, eventually unnecessary and embarrassing, when the widow and the Colonel are fully satisfied that Miss Lee has resigned irrevocably. The sequel accordingly apportions to Miss Lee, spinster, the proverbial reward of virtue—set in its usual bleak and grey background—while the widow, with no less proverbial accuracy, fulfils the Scriptural prophecy, "To him (or her) that hath shall be given," and makes her exit with the Colonel. Besides these three chief characters there are a goodly number of sisters, children, servants and retainers, not to mention Mollie the mare and Miss Lee's dog. All these wend their ways through the chapters, and help to prolong the story to its 437th page. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THOMAS HARDY'S "Under the Greenwood Tree," which was recently added to the new, uniform edition of his works, was his second book, and received considerable attention at the time of its first appearance (1872) on account of its vivid descriptions of peasant life, beliefs and customs. It has no plot, but the reader will never feel the lack of it. The new issue of "Desperate Remedies," in the same edition, practically does not differ from the first, brought out eighteen years ago. (Harper & Bros.)—A NEW volume in the uniform edition of Mark Twain contains "Tom Sawyer Abroad," "Tom Sawyer, Detective," "The Stolen White Elephant" and a number of other stories and sketches (Harper & Bros.)—"THAT FIRST AFFAIR," by J. A. Mitchell, whose "Amos Judd" was so promising a beginning in fiction, does not impress us favorably. It contains a number of sketches that have already seen the light in a less permanent form, all of them suffering from the same thinness of texture and sense of effort. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

New Books and New Editions

AN ATTRACTIVE issue in the Warwick Library is "English Lyric Poetry, 1500-1700," edited, with an introduction, by Mr. Frederic Ives Carpenter, lecturer on English literature at the University of Chicago. A scholarly introduction of some forty-five pages is followed by 200 pages of happy selections from the abundant lyrical harvest of the two centuries covered by the plan. These of course include many of the familiar gems from Herrick, Ben Jonson, Milton, Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser and others,

which could not be omitted in any anthology of the kind; but the majority of the poems will not be found in other recent collections. Mr. Carpenter has depended largely on his personal researches in Elizabethan poetry, with which few scholars of our day are equally familiar. From Thomas Campion, for instance, who is almost unknown even to cultivated readers, and who is not represented at all in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and similar or larger anthologies, we have here thirteen charming lyrics. From John Fletcher, of whom Palgrave gives a single specimen, there are eleven; from Henry Vaughan, also limited to one example by Palgrave, there are six; and so on. Of course, it is to be borne in mind that Palgrave covers the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as well as the sixteenth and seventeenth; but if we make due allowance for that, Mr. Carpenter gives proportionally a better selection in his 200 pages than his predecessor in 128. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

MR. CURTIS GUILD'S book, "A Chat About Celebrities," is an agreeable record of personal remembrances of prominent men in literary, dramatic, and other professions whom he has met during the past fifty years. Nobody of note ever comes to Boston—which is almost equivalent to saying to this country—with whom Mr. Guild does not become acquainted. No citizen of the "Hub" is so often called upon to preside at public receptions of these distinguished visitors, for no one does it more gracefully or happily. Long connected with journalism, as well as the author of several successful books of travel and another of occasional verse, he is a fluent and genial writer. He is also an enthusiastic collector of old prints and portraits wherewith he has "extended" and "extra-illustrated" many choice volumes, most of which were the gifts of the authors; and his description of these forms a considerable part, and by no means the least entertaining, of the present book. It is also rich in interesting anecdotes of the "celebrities" chatted about, many being new, and the rest enjoyable for the pleasant way in which they are retold. Altogether it will be found delightful reading for the summer vacation, and worthy of a place afterwards on the library shelves among books of its class. (Lee & Shepard.)

THE "Introduction to American Literature," by Prof. F. V. N. Painter of Roanoke College, is on the same plan as his English Literature. He recognizes five "periods" in the history: first and second Colonial, Revolutionary, and first and second National. Sixteen authors are taken as representative of the first four periods, beginning with Captain John Smith and ending with Oliver Wendell Holmes. Other prominent writers receive two or three lines each. The last period (from the Civil War to the present time) is briefly sketched in eleven pages, and only a few authors are mentioned by name. A second part of the book contains illustrative selections from the sixteen representative authors, with brief notes. For the convenience of teachers the book is published with or without this second part; and we hope they will generally prefer it in the latter form, and will give more time to the study of the works of Irving, Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and the rest, than these inadequate specimens would require. The book is illustrated with good portraits of the leading authors and a view of Longfellow's house at Cambridge. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

NANSEN'S "First Crossing of Greenland" has passed through seven editions since its first appearance in 1890. A new edition for general reading, edited and abridged by Mr. C. J. Longman, has just been issued. It contains all the illustrations of the original two-volume edition, but lacks some of the less important chapters, or parts of chapters. The charm of the narrative has not been lessened by this process of reduction, however, and the book deserves in its new form the success it has had in the old. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—SIX jolly hunters swap most amazing yarns in Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts's "Around the Campfire." When one tells how he escaped from an enraged bull with a leaping-pole, another recounts how he was treed by peccaries; and there are moving tales of Jake Dimball's wooden leg, of a turtle and a pearl-fisher, of Labrador wolves, a bull moose, panthers, alligators, hornets and bad Indians. There are many clever illustrations in half-tone, by Mr. Charles Copeland, whose rafters, sportsmen, bears and other animals are full of life and vigor. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

The Abuse of Public Parks

ONE of the most important, and certainly one of the most characteristically American, movements of the last quarter of a century has been the intelligent and public-spirited acquirement of vacant lands by our municipal governments for park purposes. Not for themselves, but for their descendants—in many instances remote,—have our municipalities voluntarily taxed themselves, and all the world has applauded. Having acquired these lands at a price—very often not small, but far below what they will be worth to the community which shall enjoy the benefit of them,—we see an extraordinary change come over the spirit of the dream—in New York, at any rate. Bodies of public-spirited and liberal citizens filled with zeal for the public welfare in one direction or another, and willing to contribute financially to the cause they have at heart, have from time to time persuaded the Legislature to appropriate to their use large portions of these invaluable park lands, to the permanent detriment of the future city. This is unfortunately no new thing, and one precedent has created another, until there seems to be no limit to the extent and uses to which our parks may be misappropriated. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has no business in Central Park: the space it occupies is to-day needed for playground and breathing-space by the swarming thousands who live all round it. So little has this lesson been learned that, with the opportunity to add at a nominal cost to these precious possessions of the city, we are about to devote to the building of the Public Library a portion of Bryant Park, which, everyone knows, is sorely needed by the children of the neighborhood. In no other city in the world which at least approaches New York in size and importance do the children of the well-to-do have to play in the streets for want of a better place. Small wonder, then, that those who have no one to voice their needs are debarred from a child's birthright—an open-air playground. While we are all rejoicing that at last a Small Parks Commission has been appointed to spend properly and intelligently the million dollars which for the last thirteen years we have been glad to offer annually out of our sorely taxed revenues to this cause, we sit calmly down to give away to semi-private institutions land worth scores of millions, if not now, yet in the immediate future.

The latest and the most outrageous of these misappropriations is the donation of the whole, or very nearly the whole, of the most beautiful naturally of all New York's parks—the Bronx Park—to two of these semi-private institutions, both very admirable and important in their way—the Botanical Garden and the Zoological Garden. Each of these has secured a grant of 250 acres more or less, which leaves precious little of a park of 653 acres for public recreation grounds. Both gardens are unquestionably interesting, amusing, and even important educationally; but both, to be successful, must be conducted on lines which should absolutely prohibit their occupation of public park lands. The Zoological Garden, more frank than the other, has already announced that it must be closed to the public on certain days in the week. To make a botanic garden of any real scientific value, portions of it, as is well known to anybody who has studied the subject, must be closed altogether to any but students. The matter lies in a nutshell: Either these two scientific institutions will fail of their purpose, or the land which they occupy will be diverted from the proper functions of a public park and recreation ground. Who can doubt which result will occur?

It is bad enough to have any portion of the public lands—so increasingly precious—perverted from their proper uses, but far worse when that portion happens to be the most beautiful of any in the possession of the people, and one of the most beautiful places within many miles of New York. The Bronx River, flowing through the Hemlock Grove, divides the garden into two parts, and, though this Grove is protected by the act of appropriation, it must needs suffer no small loss of its wild and sylvan charm by becoming the means of access between the eastern and western division of a busy and important scientific and educational establishment. It will be necessary to make good paths through it, replacing the present rough but all sufficient trails, and to throw bridges across the beautiful rocky gorge. This menace, serious as it is, is trifling compared with the damage which will result from the operation necessary to make the swamp lands lying further up the river available for garden purposes. To do this it is proposed to lower the dam which exists below the Lorillard house from eighteen inches to two feet. This would destroy not only the charming little cataract, which is even now not much more than four feet in height, but, by letting off the water, would totally ruin the quarter of a mile of beautiful still pools above it, which reflect the grey crags and feathery hemlock boughs, and contrast so ex-

quisitely with the tumbling of the rapids below the falls. It will be an irremediable outrage to injure this exquisite stretch of wild woodland and stream, which is quite unique in its charm—the charm consisting in its remote and almost savage air,—a quality which, once meddled with, is more difficult to restore than any other. Even now the painted iron labels attached to some of the trees have begun their work of deterioration.

These are but a few objections to an individual act of spoliation; it is the whole principle we wish to deprecate. The public parks of the city were acquired in a moment of enlightenment for the benefit of the community at large, and more especially of that portion of it which can seek no other recreation ground. They should be held as a sacred trust for this purpose for all time, and not regarded as "choice unoccupied building lots," which may be misappropriated to any use which the whim of the moment may suggest. In conclusion, we would suggest that it is not too late to head off some of the projects now under way. No one who remembers the repeal of the act authorizing the construction of a speedway in Central Park can doubt that a similar wave of public indignation could prevent the diversion of Bronx and Bryant Parks from their proper uses to the provision of sites for the Public Library and the Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens.

About American Jews

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I am not one of those Americans who cannot bear the criticism of foreigners; on the contrary, I think that honest, just criticism has a salutary effect and ought to be welcomed as being disciplinary and profitable. But I do resent the use of abusive epithets and unwarranted statements. In the opening chapter of "America and the Americans" the author speaks of the "cheap patriotism" of the Jews, and refers to them as "mongrel Americans," in contradistinction to "their step-brothers, the native Americans." Yet Spanish historians tell us that it was not Queen Isabella who gave the money to Columbus to defray the expenses of his voyage of discovery, but that it was furnished by two distinguished Jews, Louis Santangel and Gabriel Sanchez, the Treasurer-General of Aragon and the Councillor and Comptroller of Aragon. Moreover, although the register of Columbus's crew was lost, and only some of the names recovered, it has been found that among these there were at least five Jews who sailed with him. Of these one was the interpreter, Luis de Torres, and one the ship's surgeon—positions requiring intellect and skill,—while a third was the nephew of the Treasurer-General of Aragon, who was a special delegate, appointed at the request of Queen Isabella, to accompany Columbus.

When the American colonies seceded from England, there were Jews who assisted in establishing the independence of the United States. When the country made a struggle for unity at the time of the Rebellion, Jews helped to bring about the successful result. A Jewish congregation worshiped in its synagogues in Newport and in New York before the foundation of Trinity Church was laid; nevertheless, the author evidently considers the Jews intruders, interlopers and "despoilers" in a land which belongs quite as properly to them as to the Catholic Irish and Italians, the Lutheran Germans and Dutch, or the Puritan English.

To show the injustice of the remark that "the Jews are the Chinese of our retail trade," I may state that one of the two New York shops most sought after, on account of fair treatment, by saleswomen desiring positions, is "in the hands of Jews." These two firms have been leading pioneers in raising the standard of the condition of employees. Their shops are closed at noon on Saturdays during the four summer months, while a neighboring shopkeeper, who is, by the way, a well-known Christian Endeavorer, keeps his shop open on Saturdays until half-past six o'clock—a half-hour later than any of the other large shops—and has not yet shown any disposition to close earlier. Owing to the numerous investigations I have made in behalf of the Consumers' League, I am in a position to know in what estimation shops are held by the selling public as well as by the purchasing public.

As to the observation that "the newspaper of the most unsavory reputation" in New York is owned by a Jew, I need only point to a journal owned by a Christian millionaire to prove that the one does not deserve to be thus singled out, since of the two, the latter, if possible, is the lower in tone. A writer who displays so much prejudice as does the author of "America and the Americans" can scarcely be considered a fair critic.

NEW YORK, June 25.

MAUD NATHAN.

The Lounger

WHEN MAYOR STRONG came into office, and appointed an efficient body of Park Commissioners, I looked to see the drinking-fountain at the northeast corner of Union Square freed from its hideous covering of unpainted boards, and restored to the use to which it had been dedicated. It is one of the very few artistic fountains in the city; and—æsthetic considerations aside—man, bird and beast were benefitted by its constant flow of water. It seems, however, that in designing it, the late Mr. Olin Warner made a miscalculation, the result of which was, that wagon-poles were apt to strike the rim of the basin, when teamsters drew up to water their horses, thereby damaging the basin and making it difficult for the beasts to get at it. So the pretty little fountain was boarded up, and when I called attention to its unkempt condition, some years ago, it served as a catch-all for withered leaves and yesterday's newspapers. The only result of my mild reminder appears to have been the roofing-in of the unpainted cover; and there the thing stands to this day, looking for all the world as if an up-right piano had tumbled from a passing truck, and been stood up, in its box cover, to await the truckman's return—reminding one of Stevenson's "Wrong Box," with a human body in it, lost by a driver who feared to return and claim it. In its present condition it affords a most welcome loafing ground for newsboys and boot-blacks, who lie all over the top of it, and stack their newspapers on the lower level—the part where the key-board would be, if it were really a piano and not a disused drinking-fountain.

HAPPENING TO CROSS Union Square the other afternoon, I was struck by the excited activity of a group of gamins in the neighborhood of this ex-fountain. They made a simultaneous rush for some little object on the ground, and one of them, grasping it, sprang into the air, seized a limb of a tree with one hand and with the other placed something upon the branch. It tumbled off, however, and another rush was made; with the same results. Then the youngster gently tossed the little sparrow—for that is what the object of his solicitude proved to be—up among the branches of the tree. But it was too young and feeble either to gain a foothold there or to fly away, and again came fluttering to the ground. When I offered to take it to the country, it was promptly handed over to me; and I marched away with a better opinion of the innate gentleness of the New York street Arab than I had ever had before. Instead of dismembering the helpless bird, to hear its squeaks or learn something of its anatomy, or turning it over to a cat or dog, the whole crowd was bent on giving it a chance to live. If the healthy-minded boy is necessarily cruel—as John Burroughs says he is, I believe—this must have been a most abnormal lot of youngsters.

"YOUR CORRESPONDENTS are respectively correct," writes the Rev. G. S. Lee, apropos of two or three letters recently forwarded through *The Critic* office, "as regards the tradition of my being educated. If you receive any further letters from other colleges please say that I am full. One biography has its limits. It is true however (in reply to your question) that I took my B.A. at Middlebury and in my Senior year, and that I was at Oberlin in the capacity of a Professor's son and as a member of the class of '84, for the college years preceding. I did not graduate at Yale, as stated in your recent article, but I had a Chair there for three years (rocking-chair); and—I was in the catalogue. More glory than this let no man claim in my behalf. I had just discovered Shakespeare at that period, and Wordsworth, and another English poet or so; and I had bought a fountain-pen; and the lure of the Hebrew and the wiles of the exegete—I regret to say—failed of quite their full effect. I am not a B.D.; but I get as many circulars in my mail as if I were, and the Reverend before

my name keeps me reminded of humility." Mr. Lee is like Mr. Stedman in being a Yale man without being a Yale graduate; but in the case of the older writer a recent honorary M.A. has taken the place of the degree he might so easily have acquired otherwise than *honoris causa*. Doubtless the author of "The Shadow Christ" will receive an honorary degree from Yale or some other university before he is thirty years older.

THE FOLLOWING interesting announcement appeared in last Wednesday's newspapers:—

MILLET—REED.—On Monday, July 5, 1897, at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, Paris, France, Mary Geraldine, daughter of the late Rev. Sylvanus Reed, to Jean François Millet of Barbizon, France.

The bridegroom is the son of the famous French painter, Jean François Millet, while the bride is the daughter of one of America's best-known educators. Ambassador Porter was one of the bride's witnesses.

I QUOTED recently a copyright notice from *The Publishers' Weekly* in which Mr. J. S. P. Alcott was named as the son of the late Miss Louisa M. Alcott. Naturally I was surprised, as I had never heard that Miss Alcott was a married woman. Messrs. Roberts Bros. thus explain the mystery:—"Miss Alcott was never married; but that does not prevent her from having a son. It is not even a 'new woman' fad. Did you never hear of a person adopting a son to inherit the same rights and property as a natural son?" I have heard of such a thing; and now that I think of it, I have some recollection of having heard that Miss Alcott had adopted one of her nephews.

IT WILL BE a surprise to those persons who have pictured to themselves the author of "Robbery Under Arms" as a young man to know that Rolf Boldrewood is in his seventy-second year. His stories are so full of action and abound so in adventure that one naturally fancies their author to be young. I learn from the London *Daily Mail* that his real name is Thomas Alexander Browne. "He was born in London in 1826, his father being Capt. Sylvester Browne. Educated in Sydney, he was the first squatter in Victoria. Until two years ago he was a police magistrate and warden of the gold fields of New South Wales. He now lives in Melbourne." With one exception, Rolf Boldrewood may claim the proud distinction of being "the first Australian to achieve notable success with a novel of Australia." Mr. Fergus Hume, the author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," claims this distinction for himself. Chronologically, I believe he is right; but, surely, Mr. Hume does not regard his shilling-shockers as literature?

MR. E. MARSTON, at the conclusion of a long article in *The Publishers' Circular*, entitled "Our Diamond Jubilee," announces that he has arranged with the editor of that periodical for the publication of his correspondence with Mr. Henry M. Stanley, covering a period of twenty-five years. It is the most voluminous correspondence in his possession—which is saying a good deal, as he has been publishing a long while, and for a great many well-known authors. His most interesting letters, he declares, are the many scores he has received from Mr. R. D. Blackmore; for it was his good fortune to be the publisher of "Lorna Doone," in 1869. Mr. Marston makes the extraordinary statement that he has "had dealings with something like eight or ten thousand authors." Amongst those he mentions particularly, in addition to the two named above, are Charles Dickens, Victor Hugo, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Holmes, Lord Lytton, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Harrison Ainsworth, W. Clark Russell and William Black. The

veteran publisher, in the article from which we quote, gives, "in a random fashion, a few personal recollections ranging over the sixty years covering the period between 1837 and 1897." His connection with *The Publishers' Circular* dates back to 1846, at which time an advertisement in its columns drew him to London, and led to his association with Mr. Sampson Low. The *Circular* was then nine years of age, having come into existence in the year Her Majesty was enthroned. Mr. Marston's recollections and correspondence will undoubtedly add much to the interest of future numbers of this organ of the English publishers. The fact that a paper issued by a regular publishing firm has been able to command to such an extent the support of rival houses, speaks volumes for the impartiality with which it is conducted.

THE EDITOR of *Scribner's* has secured a series of articles for his magazine which will begin in the August number and run through twelve months, possibly longer. They are written by Prof. Walter A. Wyckoff of Princeton University, and discuss the subject of labor, not from a professor's point of view, but from that of a laborer. Just after his graduation from college in 1891, Prof. Wyckoff gave his opinions on the subject of labor at a dinner party, where his views were frowned down by an old gentleman who told him that he was talking on a subject about which he knew nothing. The young man admitted the truth of this remark, but at the same time determined that he would gain the experience necessary to discuss the situation intelligently. To that end he became a day laborer, and for two years earned his bread by the labor of his hands.

HIS FIRST "steady job" was with a gang of laborers engaged in pulling down the old Academy building at West Point. By the end of the year he had worked as a farm-hand, a hotel porter, in a lumber camp and as a miner. By the end of the second year he had worked his way to the Pacific coast, and had learned the actual condition of the laboring-man—of whom he has a much higher opinion than before he knew him so well. His account of his experiences is said to be not only valuable for its special information, but full of interest to the general reader.

IN A RECENT number of *The British Weekly* I find these items of more or less international interest:—

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling is at present staying at Rottingdean. —Dr. George MacDonald has been staying in London, but has now gone to the country. —Among our American visitors at present are Col. T. W. Higginson and his wife. Col. Higginson is contributing a series of important articles to *The Atlantic Monthly*. He is one of the best known among American men-of-letters. Many English friends are having the opportunity of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Higginson. —Mr. S. S. McClure, who is recruiting on the Norman coast, has paid a short visit to London."

A PRESBYTERIAN missionary at Tang Chow, of the name of Sheffield, has invented a Chinese type-writing machine. As there are 18,000 characters in the language, of which from four to five thousand are in common use, the inventor has had no easy task. The machine was made in Hartford, Conn., and is said to have been received with delight in China. A gentleman interested in one of the popular American type-writers told me that he had sold hundreds of machines in Japan. "Fitted with Japanese characters?" I asked. "Indeed, no," he replied. "They wouldn't have them if they were. The Japanese are all learning English, and most of their commercial correspondence is carried on in that language." This marks the difference in the national characteristics of the two countries.

London Letter

LAST WEEK we had nothing to speak of but triumphs. This week, with that strange recompense that so often changes bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, we have a very real loss to deplore. The death of Mrs. Oliphant is no common misfortune for literature. A more versatile writer the country has seldom seen, and with all the variety of her interests she managed to secure a remarkably high level of performance. Versatility must always, of course, carry with it the shortcomings of its qualities, and from some of these Mrs. Oliphant was inevitably not exempt. It might perhaps be said that she wrote literary history not always with trustworthy accuracy; that her criticism was not invariably far-seeing, nor altogether unprejudiced. But to very few women, and certainly to none among her contemporaries, has it been given to feel so true a loyalty to so many branches of letters, and to serve so many ends with equal profit and distinction. The number of her acknowledged works is legion, but she wrote far more than bears her name. An energetic journalist, she was the strongest advocate of anonymity, and appreciations from her pen have appeared in many unexpected quarters. It has been well said that her attitude to literature was a close parallel of that of her friend, the Queen, to social life. Purity of treatment and cleanliness of view were to her everything, and her voice was always raised against the ugly, the animalistic, the uneducatedly modern in literature. Her influence was co-extensive with her industry: for she always, even in passing moments of petulance, spoke as one who had authority, as one who expected to be heard. History, criticism, biography and fiction: all the more important activities of literature engaged her attention at one time or another, and in none of them did her work fall below a self-respecting standard. She was of the old school, yet not too narrow: her sympathies were wide as her observation, and many of the younger generation will remember her encouragement with gratitude. She had suffered much, and her sympathy for the suffering of others was unbounded. In a word, she was a woman, the embodiment of all those soft and attractive qualities, so winning, so evasive, which we attribute to the best and most characteristic of her sex. She handed on the worthy traditions of our mothers, and, through all the foolish gabble of the sexless women of this last decade, she kept her head and was true to her ideal. England had need of her; she will be long and sorely missed.

If the present is a slow time among the booksellers, it is one of much activity with authors, many of whom are busily employed upon their stories for 1898. Among these I hear great things of a finely imaginative romance which Mr. H. G. Wells has now fairly under way. It is of the "impossible" order, but conceived on broad and striking lines, and is said by more than one person who has seen the MS. to promise to be the best thing he has done. It will probably begin serial publication with the opening of next year. Mr. W. W. Jacobs, also, is embarked upon a full-length novel—his first attempt in this line. It is rumored that many of his friends are trying to persuade Mr. Jacobs to relinquish his official work and devote himself entirely to literature, but that that careful young author prefers to be surer of his ground before parting with a very serviceable staff. In this he shows a wisdom not always vouchsafed to the youthfully successful.

I understand that Mr. Harmsworth has abandoned, at any rate for the present, his idea of starting a monthly magazine. The many ventures which occupy him are too exigent to permit of his adding to his labors, and it is not unlikely that the proposed magazine may be shelved indefinitely. At any rate, it is highly improbable that it will appear in the immediate future. Meanwhile, Mr. Munsey announces his intention of running an English edition of his successful periodical. The same idea has been mooted by the proprietors of other American magazines from time to time, but has almost always proved impracticable. Most of the fiction which is secured by American editors is copyright in this country, and, unless Mr. Munsey is prepared to buy "world" serial rights, he will find the exploitation of an English edition fraught with difficulties. For instance, it is said that he has secured Mr. Pemberton's new tale to follow Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian," but, if I mistake not, the English serial rights of this tale have been acquired by *The Windsor*. Certainly, it is a case of securing "world rights" first, and they are very expensive. But Mr. Munsey's circulation is prodigious, so no doubt he will bridge the gulf.

The sixpenny illustrated magazines are "cutting into" the old-fashioned weekly reviews and literary papers in a cruel fashion, and no one will be surprised to hear that one of the best-known

of these is likely, either to change hands, or to cease altogether during the course of the next few weeks. Nowadays, there must be pictures and fiction: for literature is at a discount.

LONDON, 2 JULY 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

PRESIDENT JEROLOMAN of the Board of Aldermen, acting as Mayor in Mr. Strong's absence, has written a letter to the Park Commissioners suggesting that another effort be made to find a suitable place for Mr. George Grey Barnard's statue of Pan.

—The National Sculpture Society announces that, through the generosity of Mr. T. Kelly of New York, it will offer prizes of \$500 and \$250 for the best and second-best designs for a sun-dial. The models will be shown at the Society's exhibition in 1898, when the award will be made. All models must be addressed, free of charge, to the Secretary of the Society, 215 West 57th Street, New York, during the months of January and February, 1898.

—Mr. John Howells, son of Mr. W. D. Howells, has just received his diploma in architecture from the École des Beaux-Arts. "He is," says *Harper's Weekly*, "the fifth American diplomé, and has got his diploma in five years, the usual term being seven years."

—Among the recent acquisitions of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is the wedding gift of George III. of England to Queen Charlotte (1761). It is a chatelaine watch, with belt clasp, band, and pendants, all of gold and encrusted with jewels. It was purchased by Mr. Charles Amory at a public sale of the effects of the King in London in 1849, and presented by him to Miss Sarah Greene, who in turn gave it to Miss Sarah Timmins. The latter gave the watch to her sister, Mrs. Chapman, with the understanding that at the latter's death it should become the property of the Museum.

—Mr. Nicholson's portrait of the Queen in *The New Review* having had so great a success, it has been followed in the July number by a portrait of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, done in the same striking and artistic manner.

—Mr. George Allen of Orpington, Kent, and Ruskin House, London, is to publish an edition of Dickens's novels illustrated by Phil May and Charles Dana Gibson. The Paris correspondent of the *New York Times* says that Mr. May is now at work on "David Copperfield," and that Mr. Gibson is busy with "Martin Chuzzlewit." Mr. Gibson as an illustrator of Dickens does not seem quite in his element.

Education

THE Supreme Council of Education of France has adopted a proposal enabling foreigners to obtain doctors' diplomas by undergoing an examination at French universities.

The new Librarian of Congress has appointed his friend, Mr. Thomas G. Alvord, Jr., Chief of the Art Department of the Library. Mr. Alvord has for some years been the Washington correspondent of the *New York World*, for which he recently made a trip to Cuba. His fitness for his new post remains to be shown. Not so in the case of Mr. David Hutcheson, the newly appointed Superintendent of the Reading-Room, for many years Mr. Spofford's chief assistant.

The proposal for the erection of a woman's university in England has been met with a protest signed by 150 head-mistresses of the girls' secondary schools. The plan is generally condemned by the women connected with higher education.

On July 13, Mr. Melvil Dewey, State Librarian of New York, addressed the International Congress of Librarians, now in session in London, on "The Relation of the State to the Public Library."

The Sisters of Notre Dame will establish in Washington a woman's college, under the direction of the Catholic University. This institution will be known as Trinity College, and will be of the same grade as Vassar. The age required for admission will be seventeen years, and the courses will be of four years' duration.

Miss Mary Rachel Dobson, the eldest daughter of Mr. Austin Dobson, has joined a missionary settlement of college women in Bombay. She is a graduate of London University.

Mr. Theodore Stanton was appointed, last year, Lecturer on French History and Politics at Hobart College. His lectures this year were devoted to the Franco-German war, and were read to the students last month by Prof. Vail, the Librarian of the College. Next year's course, which will be delivered in person, will be devoted to the Restoration, and will cover the period 1815-30.

The Presbyterian Board of Publication made the most important exhibit of its own publications and of the issues of other publishing houses at the Winona Assembly this year that it has ever made. The sales were more than double those of any previous Assembly. The book-store, under the charge of Mr. H. S. Elliott, manager of the Chicago Depository, will be a feature of the Assembly grounds hereafter.

The Mark Skinner Library in Manchester, Vt., which was dedicated on July 7, is the gift to the town of Mrs. Henry J. Willing of Chicago, in memory of her father, the late Judge Skinner of that city. The building, of pressed brick, with stone trimmings, and a sloping, red-tiled roof, contains at present 10,000 volumes, among them being a large number of books from the library of the donor's father, which the Trustees of the University of Chicago desired to procure, and an original set of the Kingsborough Mexican Antiquities, published in 1830, and now out of print.

Mr. James C. Carter, the well-known lawyer of this city, has given \$5000 towards the \$50,000 needed for the Randolph Tucker Memorial Hall at Washington and Lee University.

At the commencement exercises of Smith College, President Seelye announced that the anonymous friend of the institution who made the offer to the class of '95 to give \$2000 for every \$1000 raised for an academic building, had made an additional offer of \$10,000, on condition that the alumni should raise the other \$9000 for the erection of a scientific laboratory building.

Mrs. S. Maretta Thrall of Middletown, N. Y., has left \$30,000 to that city, for the erection of a public library building, the ground to be furnished by the community.

By the will of Miss Belinda Lull Randall of Roxbury, who died about a year ago, the Prospect Union of Cambridgeport receives \$20,000. The same amount is left to Radcliffe College, while \$70,000 is given to the Foxcroft Club of Harvard University, for a club building. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Children's Aid Society receive \$50,000 each; Hampton Normal Institute, \$25,000, Tuskegee (Ala.) Institute, \$20,000, Calhoun (Ga.) University, \$10,000; reserved for a trades school, \$95,000.

Mr. Collis P. Huntington has presented to the University of California a collection of 4000 Spanish documents relating to the early history of California. The collection is of the greatest value and importance.

The will of Dr. George R. Edwards of Princeton bequeaths \$50,000 to Princeton University, for the endowment of a chair of American history. If such a chair be already sufficiently endowed, the money is to go toward the establishment of university fellowships in American history, yielding a yearly income of not less than \$500 each; \$2500 is left to the Trustees of Princeton University, to be applied to whatever purposes the class of '89, of which Dr. Edwards was a member, may decide.

The Guild of Drapers has subscribed \$75,000 for the erection of a new building at Oxford to receive the Radcliffe Library.

The Macmillan Co. announces "An Outline for the Study of City Government," by Delos H. Wilcox, Ph.D., of Columbia College, adapted not only for students in colleges and secondary schools, but also for all classes of citizens interested in the betterment of municipal conditions through the development of intelligence and the sense of civic responsibility.

The American Book Co. has just issued a volume of "Stories from the Arabian Nights," selected and edited by M. Clarke, for school and home reading. The book is illustrated.

"Macbeth," well edited with introduction and notes by Dr. James M. Garnett of the Woman's College, Baltimore, has been added to the Students' Series of English Classics, published by Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

Mr. Alfred M. Mayer, Professor of Physics in Stephens Institute, who died on July 13, was born in Baltimore in 1836. His inventions, discoveries and writings have made his name known to physicists everywhere. He was one of the earliest contributors of *The Critic*.

Mr. Henry Frowde announces for early issue in this country, for the Egypt Exploration Fund, the sayings of Christ found by Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell of Queen's College and Mr. A. S. Hunt of Magdalen College, Oxford, at Bennesa, the ancient Orynxrhynchus, some 120 miles south of Cairo on the edge of the Libyan desert. In addition to the colotype facsimile edition, there will be a cheaper edition for a few cents, so that the treasure may be brought within the reach of everyone.

Among the bequests made by the late Mr. Mayer Lehman of this city, are \$2500 to the Educational Alliance and the same amount to the Hebrew Technical Institute.

Prof. T. R. Lounsbury of Yale sailed for Europe on the Friedrich der Grosse, on Thursday, for a well-earned and much-needed year's holiday. Other passengers were Prof. A. V. W. Jackson of Columbia and the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott and Mr. Lawrence Abbott of *The Outlook*.

Notes

MR. J. HENRY HARPER sailed for London on Wednesday with his son Fletcher Harper, a Harvard man, who will be associated with Mr. Clarence McIlvaine in the London house of Harper & Bros. Mr. McIlvaine is the third Vice-President of the Harper corporation. He is quite a young man, but has proved himself in every way worthy of his important position.

—Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Christian," will be published in England on August 7. The first edition is to consist of 50,000 copies. Messrs. Appleton have not yet announced the size of their first edition, but there is no reason why it should not be as large as that of "The Manxman."

—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons' first announcements of early fall publications include "John Marmaduke," a story of Ireland in the days of Cromwell, by S. H. Church; "Life of Ambroise Paré," by Stephen Paget, with illustrations from Paré's own works and from contemporary sources; "Some Colonial Homesteads and their Stories," by Marion Harland; "Impressions of Turkey during Twelve Years' Wanderings," by Prof. W. M. Ramsey; "The Story of the Palatines," a chapter of early American history, by the Rev. S. H. Cobb; "Chronicles of Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow," a history and guide-book, by E. M. Bacon; and "The Fall of the Sparrow," a novel, by M. C. Balfour.

—Mr. Edward Arnold's new announcements include "British Central Africa," by Sir Harry Johnston, with over 200 illustrations and six maps; "Old English Glasses," the account of glass drinking-vessels in England from the early times to the end of the eighteenth century, on which Mr. Albert Hartshorne has been at work for many years; and "An African Millionaire," a new novel, by Grant Allen.

—Mr. John Lane will publish another parody of one of his own books. "The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl," by Richard De Lyrienne, will be issued in the Bodley Booklets, of which series Max Beerbohm's "Happy Hypocrite" was the original volume. The same publisher will bring out, in a little booklet, Ambassador John Hay's speech at the unveiling of the Scott bust in Westminster Abbey; "A Child in the Temple," by Frank Mathew; and "The Stepmother," a novel, translated from the modern Greek of Gregory Xenopoulos, by Mrs. Edmonds.

—The Messrs. Macmillan, Murray, Longman and most of the other leading English publishers have resolved to refuse to supply books to tradesmen who allow threepence in a shilling discount to the public.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.'s recent publications include "Cromwell's Place in History," by S. R. Gardiner; "The Victorian Era," by P. A. Graham; and "Victoria, Queen and Empress: The Sixty Years," by Sir Edwin Arnold, reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*. They announce for immediate publication, "What the Gunpowder Plot Was: A Reply to Father Gerard" and Vol. II. of "A History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate," by S. R. Gardiner; and "Croquet: Its History, Rules and Secrets," by Arthur Lillie.

—To the list of diplomatic appointments which have been his chief title to popular approval since he assumed office, last spring, President McKinley has added that of Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the well-known novelist, formerly Professor of Mathematics at Dartmouth College, who goes as Minister to Persia.

—A small civil list pension has been granted by the English Government to the widow of Charles Dickens the younger. Mrs. Dickens, it is said, is in very straitened circumstances.

—Among the contents of the Fiction Number of *Scribner's* will be an American railroad story by Rudyard Kipling, a humorous tale by Frank R. Stockton, a newspaper story by Jesse Lynch Williams, and a tale of child life by Kenneth Grahame. The cover, in colors, will be from a design by Gorguet, and there will be four pages of color-work, from designs by Vogel, illustrating a poem by Marguerite Merington.

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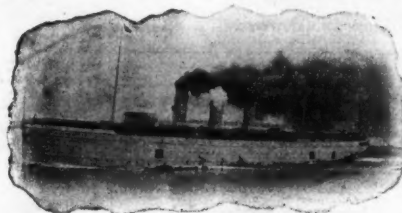
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